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Away From Home

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Raquel Canales-López

Away From Home

Todavía puedo sentir la infinita tristeza, el desespero. Su mirada hostil y sus palabras todas... que me decía antes de golpearme y dejarme. Cuan fascinada estaba por un cambio. Finalmente, no más filas kilométricas para conseguir ayuda médica, no más traseros empujando traseros y brazos pisando en el infierno de un vehículo público. Todo perfecto, suave, grandioso.

Excepto por ti. Cada vez que otras manos tocan mi cabello. Sufro. Té extraño. Te necesito. Siento uñas taladrando mi cuero cabelludo. Siento un fuego inquisitorial, que rasga mi cabello cada vez que el secador hala mi cabello hacia el norte sur norte

este sur oeste norte sur.

Y necesito un corte de cabello! Mi cabello me mata con todo el peso con el que tengo que lidiar Entonces, un hombre que no es tú, toma sus tijeras sin dejarme hablar. Sin dejarme decirle que quiero mi cabello
Entonces se detuvo
me ve tan asustada
me ve mareada,
pálida,
manos tiemblan
ojos quieren inundar el cosmos

Trata de parar, es tarde, no puede dejar una parte larga y la otra corta,
termina su labor.

Pero no quiere cobrarme por sus servicios

Yo insisto Él sonríe, Yo persisto y me abre la puerta.

Away From Home

I still can feel the sadness, the desperation. His mean
stare and all those words he said before he beat me and
left. How thrilled I was to change
my life. Finally no more kilometrical lines to get health
care, no more pushy
butts and smashed arms in the public transportation. All
perfect, all smooth
all great! Except for you.

Every time other hands touch my hair, I suffer I miss
you, I need you...

I feel nails deepen in my scalp, I feel my hair being
ripped by that hair
dryer, and my hair pulls back and forth, north to south,
And I need to get a haircut!
my hair is killing me with all the weight it puts with...!

Then a man that isn't you, takes his scissors lets me not
to speak, to say, to
tell that I want my hair to...

Then he stops he sees I'm too frightened, he sees I'm
dizzy, he sees my pale
face, my shaky hands, my eyes wanting to burst in tears,
and he tries to
stop, it's too late he can't leave one part of my head
long, and the other one
short
he finishes his labor.

But will not want to charge for his services.

I insist

He smiles, and opens the door for me. I find my
employer on the way home! She does not recognize
me... the only person that knows who I am is me.